

1600/1477.

LYRIC ODES

For the YEAR 1783.

By *PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

A DISTANT RELATION OF THE POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREAT to the ACADEMY.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

L O N D O N :

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LYRIC ODES

ODE I.

their passion. — Marked as queer an apostrophe to Geniva
Folk. — Growth the King a broad him. — Asketh a queer
means of a pistol, poison, or a rope. — Addresseth Great
himself. — Disturbeth the road to the Temple of Fame by
viewers. — Describeth himself most pathetically. — Consoleth
their passion. — Displeaseth learning. — Praised the Ro-

SONS of the Earth, I'm here again!

At times Pindar, and Fontaine,

Calling a poetic quest (I fear) to twine!

For hang me, if my last year's Odes

Paid rent for * lodgings near the gods,

Or put one spirit into this mouth divine.

For Odes my Cousin had trump-streaks to cast!

So says Pindar as—loads of gaily meat!

And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit

The best historians one and all declare,

With the most solemn air

The poet might have gutted till he split.

* The same story, according to the vulgar phrase, came

How



LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

Peter puffeth. — Displayeth learning. — Praiseth the Reviewers. — Describeth himself most pathetically. — Consoleth himself. — Disliketh the road to the Temple of Fame by means of a pistol, poison, or a rope. — Addresseth Great Folks. — Giveth the King a broad hint. — Asketh a queer question. — Maketh as queer an apostrophe to GENIUS.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!
At times Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting a poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
For hang me, if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for * lodgings near the gods,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.
For odes my COUSIN had rump-steaks to eat!
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The best historians one and all declare,
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

* The Attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

How different far, alas! *my* Worship's fate!
 To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave * Possessors of the Critic Throne
 Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat---
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat;
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my Lyric powers,
 I'm not like Mrs. COSWAY'S † *Hours*,
 Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken:
 Merit and I are miserably off---
 We both have got a most consumptive cough;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little Children in the Wood---
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!
 May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,
 Turn Redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
 Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye!

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homeric!—The fair Artiff
 hath in the most surprising manner communicated to canvass the old Bard's
 idea of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*.—See the *Iliad*.

Poor

Poor Chatterton was starv'd---with all his art!
 Some consolation this to my lean heart---
 Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope;
 And there my Rev'rence may remain, alas!
 The world will not discover it, the ass!
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope:

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration sees---
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder---
 When, like an Otho, I am found:
 Like Jacob's sons they'll look one t'other round,
 And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame---
 Pistols and poison just the same---
 And, what is worse, one can't come back again---
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
 We can't display it to mankind,
 Tho' won with such wry mouths and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
 (For you have much to give away,
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,
 That Folly's guts are to his chin,
 Whilst *mine* are flunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his Sacred Majesty I see,
 Ah! George (I sigh) Thou hast good things with thee,
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat:
 It is not that my soul so loyal
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
 Or be Archbishop---no! I'm not for that.
 Nor really have I got the grace
 To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place;
 Whose Odes Cibberian---sweet yet very manly,
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear that Heav'n lov'd fools,
 There's such a number of them made?

Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade:
 Yet, take a peep into those fellows breeches,
 We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
 That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
 With all thy compliment of wit so frisky!
 Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
 Beside his compter gold can find,
 And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

O D E

O D E II.

Peter criticiseth. — Addresseth the British Raphael. — Promiseth Mr. West great things, and, like great folks, breaketh his word. — Laugheth at the Figure of King Charles — Lasheth that of Oliver Cromwell; and ridiculeth the picture of Peter and John running to the Sepulchre. — Understandeth plain-work, and, justly, condemneth the shortness of the skirts of Mr. West's Angels. — Concludeth with making that Artist a handsome offer of an American Immortality.

NOW for my criticism on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, finners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet! —

Behold the works of Mr. WEST!

That Artist first shall be address —

His pencil with due reverence I greet —

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,

Which from my doughty lance he found;

Methinks I hear the trembling Painter bawl,

“Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul?*”

West, let me whisper in thy ear —

Snug as a thief within a mill,

From me thou hast no cause to fear:

To panegyric will I turn my skill;

And if thy picture I am forc'd to blame,

I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,
 Molasses from my pen shall fall:
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is such,
 That could I pour all Niagara down,
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
 Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye Gods! the portrait of the King!
 A very *Saracen*! a glorious thing!
 It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye—
 Methinks I see the people stare,
 And, anxious for his life, declare,
 “King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly.”

Thy Charles!—What must I say to that?
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
 Indeed first cousin to a piece of board—
 But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
 To give our *Yankey Painter* praise;
 So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.
 Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
 And Oliver, I do protest,
 And eke the * witnesses of resurrection;
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
 And make a properer window-blind
 Than great † Correggio's, us'd for horse-protection.

* Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the Royal Stables
 in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

† Peter and John.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylors' measures,
 For table coverings, be treasures,
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers;
 And Monday mornings at the tub,
 When Queens of suds their linen scrub,
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

West, I forgot last year to say
 Thy *Angels* did my delicacy hurt;
 Their linen so much coarseness did display:
 What's worse each had not above half a shirt.
 I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly Riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
 To somewhat longer for each rump?
 I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
 By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop!
 Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme:

Sublimely tow'ring midst th' Atlantic roar,
 I'll waft thy praises to thy * native shore;
 Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Pœans sing,
 And every scoundrel Convict is a king.

* America.

B

ODE

O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Mr. Gainsborough.—Showeth great Scripture erudition.—Condemneth Mr. Gainsborough's Plagiarism.—Giveth the Artist wholesome advice.—Praiseth the Cornish Boy; and sayeth fine things to Jackson.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining labours,
 Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
 On other Brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
 Like our great Admirals on a gang of swabbers.
 My eyes, broad staring Wonder leads
 To yon dear * nest of Royal heads!
 How each the soul of my attention pulls!
 Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
 A pretty little Bible name
 And call'st it *Golgortha, the place of Skulls?*
 Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free)?
 An Angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line—
 Perchance that civil Angel was with thee—
 For let me perish if I think them thine.

* A frame full of heads, in most humble imitation of the Royal Family.

Thy

Thy * Dogs are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,
 The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders---
 They tell thee Genius in it had no share,
 But that thou foully stol'st the Curs from *Snyders*.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
 For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—
 The man who scorns to do it is a log:
 An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
 Were modesty, one might suppose;
 But, z---ds! thou must not smuggle the *whole Dog*.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth sore,
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
 Who, in her bounteous gifts, hath been so free
 To cull such genius out for thee---
 Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again,
 Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head;
 The Cornish Boy †, in tin mines bred;
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.---
 'Tis JACKSON's portrait---put the laurel on it,
 Whilst to that tuneful Swan I pour a sonnet.

* A picture of Boys setting Dogs to fight.

† O P I E.

B 2

SONNET,

V. D. E.
S O N N E T,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

ENCHANTING Harmonist! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded bosom of despair!

O say, what Minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?

Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad--thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;
He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

ODE

ODE

O D E V.

*The Great Peter, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth from
Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

READER, dost know the mode of catching Gulls?
If not, I will inform thee---Take a board
And place a fish upon it for the fools---

A Sprat, or any fish by Gulls ador'd:

Those birds who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the Sun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below,
Sans cérémonie, down they rush,
(For Gulls have got no manners) on they push,
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board---then lie like Boobies dead,

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out---

There's many a painting Puppy, take my word
Who knocks his silly head against a board---

That might have help'd the state---made a good Jailer,
A Nightman, or a tolerable Taylor.

O D E VI.

Peter discovereth more Scriptural Erudition! — Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition. — Giveth a wonderful account of St. Dennis. — Blusheth for the honour of his country. — Talketh sensibly of the Duc de Chartres and the French King.

“ **F**IND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)
 “ Ten Gentlemen, the place sha’n’t be untown’d---
 “ That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board :”

The dev’l a Gentleman was to be found!
 But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew
 That ev’ry Fellow in it was a Jew.

This house is nearly in the same condition---
 Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes---
 Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition

That ought not to be d--n’d, I’ll burn my Odes!
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
 Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield’s* papers*.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great Law Expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration. — The newpapers howled, for months, over their ashes. — *Ohe jam satis est.*

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
 Hugg'd it, and kiss'd it---carried it a mile---
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,
 That maketh many an Unbeliever smile.

"'Sblood! 'tis a lie!" you roar---Pray do not swear,
 You may believe the wondrous tale indeed!
 Speak, haven't you said that many a Picture here,
 Was really done by folks without a *head*?

And haven't you sworn this instant with surprise,
 That he who *did* that *thing* had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff,

The walls of this stupendous building stains?

The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;

Mind me---I don't say batter out their *brains*.

What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,

And tells King *Lewis* all about the Room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot Heads,

Our Exhibition he will liken *Hell* to;

Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,

Give hand-bills of the *Wondrous Katterfelto*;

Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,

He'd rather see the *Wizard* and his *Cat*.

ODE

O D E VII.

*The British Peter elegantly and happily depicts his Great
Cousin of Thebes.—Talketh of Fame.—Horsewhippeth the
Painters for turning their own Trumpeters.*

A Desultory way of writing,
A hop, and step, and jump, mode of inditing,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:
Or (for I love the hard to flatter)
By jerks, like Boar-pigs making water,
Whatever first came in his scone,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
A Cock, a Bull, a Whale, a Soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for Fame!
How, poacher-like, we hunt the game!
No matter for it, how we play the fool---
And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One Grain of Praise to Pounds of Ridicule.

I've

I've lost all patience with the tale
 I mean the Painters--who can't say
 To see their work by Criticism display'd
 And may as well have to say
 But, calling Fame a vile old lazy rumpet,
 Sound their own praise from their own trumpet

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
 Where the mad Lyric Muse, with pain,
 Hammering hard, her skill employs,
 And beats a tinny shop in noise;
 Catching wild tropes and similes,
 That hop about like swarms of flies,
 We've lost SIR JOSHUA---Ah! thatarming Elf,
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost himself.
 Oh! Richard, thy St. George, so brave,
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend:
 Some weep to see the woful figure,
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

* At the beginning of the Exhibition the public papers swarmed with these self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cosway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming St. George.

Prithce

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow--
 Of poor St. George the useless armour borrow,
 To guard thy own poor corpse--don't be a mule--
 Take it---ev'n now thou'rt like a hedgehog quill'd,
 (*Richard, I hope in God thou art not kill'd*)
 By the dire shafts of merciless ridicule.

Pity it is! 'tis true, 'tis pity!
 As Shakespeare lamentably says;
 That thou, in this obnoxious City,
 Thus run'st a whorl after PRAISE:
 With strong desires I really think thee fraught;
 But, *Dick*, the Nymph so coy will not be caught;
 Yet, for thy consolation, mind!
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find---
 Think of the Sage who wanted a fine piece,
 Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,
 On Lais, a sweet file de joie, to feast--
 The Mrs. Robinson of Greece.
 Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil;
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil:
 Thou'lt say, "Lord! many hundreds do like me,"
 Lord! so have fellows robb'd--nay, further,
 Hundreds of villains have committed Murder;
 But, *Richard*, are these Precedents for thee?

Peter grows facetious.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade--
I've said it often, and repeat it--
She doth not understand her trade--
Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat* it.
Look now, for heaven's sake, at her skies!
What are they?--Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating Cooks below.
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes--
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums--
Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast*?
Paint by the yard--your canvass spread
Broad as the mainfail of a man of war--
Your Whale shall eat up ev'ry other Head,
Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star!

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick—
 By bulky *things* both *Men* and *Maids* are taken—
 Mind too, to lay the *paints*, like mortar thick,
 And make your picture look as red as *Bacon*.
 All folks love *size*; believe my rhyme.
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *Sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name, — *Van Groot*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,
 No matter, tho' I cannot make it out—
 At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,
 Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
 Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*.
 "No Poet like my broder step de ground;
 "He be de bestest poet, look!
 "Dat all de vorld must please;
 "Vor he heb vrite von book,
 "So big as all dis *cheese*!"

If

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
 Make out each single bristle on his back :
 Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
 Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack ;
 Else, all the Lady Critics will so stare,
 And, angry, vow " 'Tis not a bit like hair ! "

Be smooth as glass---like DENNER, finish high :
 Then every tongue commends---
 For people judge not *only* by the eye,
 But *feel* your merit by their finger-ends ;
 Nay ! closely *nosing*, o'er the Picture, dwell ;
 As if to try the *Goodness* by the *Smell*.

Claude's distances are too confus'd---
 One floating scene---nothing made out---
 For which he ought to be abus'd,
 Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
 Makes a Bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
 And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws, will bring,
 With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make

Make all your trees alike, for Nature is not
Fond of variety, a wayward child
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But, mind that ev'ry one be like a Broom
Of Steel and purest Silver form your Waters,
And make your Clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
To gain applause---why, paint her like a Shilling:
Or SOL's bright orb---be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a Guinea, or a * Jo.
In short, to get your Pictures prais'd and fold,
Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing to Gold.*

I see, at excellence, you'll come at last---
Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on China Mugs are now surpass'd,
Your Sun-sets yield not to Brick-walls, nor Buff.

* A Portugal Coin vulgarly called a Johannes.

O D E

Make

In Stumps of Trees your art so finely thrives,
 They really look like Golden-hafted Knives!
 Go on, my Lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
 And She ere long will come and copy You.

Of steel and silver knives for my waters,
 And make your Clouds like Rocks and Alligators.
 May people die like Gudgeons at my thimble.
 Where'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
 To gain applause—why, paint her like a Shilling:
 Or SOL's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
 Precisely like a Guinea, or a * Jo.
 In short, to get your Pictures paid and sold,
 Convert, like Midas, every thing to Gold.
 With open mouth, and straining eyes,
 Gape in amazement, you'll hang round the trees.
 Your Landscapes are made for very different things,
 The blundering Old Man's Mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your Sun-larks yield you to Black-wasps, not Butter.
 What rage for Famine attends both Great and Small!
 Better be a Pottery God than a Painter!

* Now Lighten Pence, with Addition

ODE

F I N I S

O D E IX.
The sublime Peter concludeth in a Sweat.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling---
 May people bite like Gudgeons at my rhyme!
 I long to see them scrambling---
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
 But this is full sufficient for a * *Shilling*
 For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
 Indeed, I sell my Goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd! a disappointed Artist cries,
 With open mouth, and straining eyes;
 Gaping for praise, like a young Crow for meat---
 "Lord! why, you have not mention'd *me!*
 Mention'd *Thee?*
 Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*---
 What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small!
 Better be *d--n'd* than mention'd *not at all!*

* Now Eighteen Pence, with Additions.

O D E

F I N I S.

